PRICE FIVE CENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 13, 1891-TWENTY PAGES.

PRICE FIVE CENT

No Fuss and Feathers, No Extravagantly Ridiculous Statements, but

TRUE AND ONE REASON

We Make the Lowest Prices Ever Known on First-class Clothing is This:

The weather has been unusually warm and we are under the necessity of making a rapid reduction of stock.

We are positive the prices we offer in this sale will produce the required result.

For any suit in CASSIMERE, BLACK or WOOD-BROWN CHEVIOT, ANY FANCY or WIDE WALES, (in fact anything in the suit line except the Plain Corkscrews and Clay Worsteds).

What we mean is that for \$13.50 you can have choice of any suit (except those named), suits heretofore held at \$15, \$16.50, \$18 and even \$20, FOR THE NEXT SIX DAYS.

These are in single and double-breasted Sacks, three and four-button Frocks and Prince Alberts-all in the best fabrics and fashionable styles.

316.50

For the next six days WE WILL SELL ANY \$22, \$25 or \$28 SUIT IN OUR HOUSE. Positively no reserve, THESE ARE THE FINEST CORKSCREWS, Etc., in Sacks, Cutaway Frocks, Single and Double-breasted Prince Alberts. SOME OF THEM cannot be matched in any tailoring establishment for less than fifty dollars-We wish to see what can be done in the way of quick sales.

==TWO PRESENTS==

With any Suit or Overcoat Sale of \$15, or above, we will present the beautiful Mahogany Tripod Parlor Easel. A handsome and handy ornament, good for a great number of uses.

With every purchase of a Child's or Boy's Suit or Overcoat we will . give a barrel filled with choice candy.

Look at our window display of the choice Suits we here advertise. This is a six days' sale and means business.

ORIGINAL EAGLE 5 AND 7 WEST WASHINGTON ST. Hat Department, 16 South Meridian St.

"SI" MILLER'S CONFESSION

A Tale of Indiana Rural Life Enacted Some Forty Years Ago.

How He and His Friend Frightened a Chap from the City-Story of a Winter Night in a Village Shoe-Shop.

self the dingy depths of a little old shoeleather and presided Jover by a jolly old Tenton of smooth face and luminous countenance, and you have the center of mason-

line social life in a small country town not

a hundred miles from Indianapolis. Its only competitor for this distinction was the postoffice, but that jovial smile of old Yawcob Crispin could draw more idlers than a candle can millers, and it was his shop, rather than the postoffice, that took the place of a newspaper in putting the current events of the into circulation, imparting to them light and shade and local color that can never be produced by the cold types. Here loafed the old men who had seen wonderful things, and done things still more wonderful; and they related these feats over and over again, with pardonable embellishments, to the great delight of a nightly group of small boys who mingled with them in the circle about the

tionable pleasure of learning to chew to-One rather "crimpy" evening last week everybody had been to the postoffice and nobody had gotten any mail, therefore everybody returned to the shoe-shop and sat down again. Coat collars were turned down, everybody had a shot at the stove with tobacco juice and the crowd settled into a period of silent rumination and pos-

sleepy old stove and indulged in the ques-

Old Si Miller finally broke the silence by impressively removing his pipe from his mouth, knocking the ashes out of it against the stove and dropping it into his overcoat pocket. "Boys bain't worth a durn nowadays," he began, hauling from the recesses of another pocket a big yellow plug of tobacco and biting off a generous "chaw" with great deliberation. "Hyur it is purty nigh Chris'mas an' I hain't heerd a gun ner a fire-cracker yit! W'y, when I was a boy we injoyed ourselves. Didn't go 'round dressed up in a white shirt an' collar ev'ry day 'thout a quarter in our pockets an' think ourselves a durn site better'n anybody else, like some folks I know 'tain't very fur off rite now, neether."

Here all eyes were turned upon an innocent-looking youth from Indianapolis, whose most conspicuous characteristic seemed to be a tall, white collar. It seemed rather chilly all at once, for the young

man turned up his the boys tittered. Well, as i was say-" resumed old Si, thirty yes forty, years go. Thar was our family an' the Frys an' the Fryshall and the Fryshall and the Smith Smith byur in the Smith by the Was Ililian in the Institute Smith and the Smith beautiful in the Smith beautiful in the Smith byur in the Smith byur in the Smith byur in the Smith byur in the Smith by the Was Ililian in the Institute Sand the Smith and the Smith and the Smith and In the In the In the Smith and In the Smith and In the Smith and In the Smith and In the In th

was me an' Tom, my brother, an' Jim Smith was runnin' together, an' Frys had three garls, the jolliest crowd you ever seed. An' them garls! W'y they ain't a gurl in this town't could hol' a candle to enny one on 'em. W'y they had cheeks like red apples, an' I'll bet my hat 't they could thrash enny man in the house, fair fist! As I was a-sayin', we'd bin havin' a heap o' fun fur 'bout a week; but I'm gittin' 'way ahead o' my yarn. 'Long in the summer an' fall, the Frys an' two er three more fam'lies' round us, had hosses stoled from 'em. Us boys done all we could to find the thief, but 'twarn't no use; never found the thief ner hosses neether, an' when folks saw 'twasn't no use; never found the thief ner hosses neether, an' when folks saw 'twasn't no use; to milk an' wood to carry in. I couldn't selep a wink after I was the metal of the county of the folks saw 'twasn't no use; the feller had me down. Next day maw called me early to got town to get some stuff she matter of fact, he was temporizing. He had the county will be more fact, he was temporizing. He had there of the county will be more fact, he was temporizing. He had there to seed in the moon-light four people, and tu or 'em wos Susie an' that city chap. Well, when I thought of was the moth to long walk through them moon-light four people, and tu or 'em wos said 'Good evenin' gentlemen' and started on, but I says, 'Hol' on a minnt, stranger; you bin coaxin our girls 'way from us an' that city chap. Well, I laye, 'Hol on a minnt, stranger; you bin coaxin our girls 'way from us an' the cuplent of that city chap. Well, I laye we ven you be the the said 'Good evenin' gentlemen' and turn the moon-light four people, and tu or 'em wos on, but I says, 'Hol' on a minnt, stranger; you bin coaxin our girls 'way from us an' the toty on bin the fence on the fence an' the read of the woods. It 'peared to remove the said turn to 'em wos on on girls 'you bin coaxin our girls 'way from us an' the hurd hat 'they bad well the said 'Good evenin' gentlemen' and 'Good evenin

matter of fact, he was temporizing. He had started into this story, and it had occurred to him that possibly he had better not tell it. However, in a minute or two he started ahead bravely.
"Well, I'll begin ag'in. 'Twas 'bout a

week afore Chris'mas. We lived 'bout two miles from town, an' one afternoon me, an' Susie Fry, an' Jim Smith, an' Susie's sister We walked purty slow through the We walked purty slow through the woods"-here the old man winked knowingly at the shoemaker, who had stopped work, and sat with a hammer resting on



mouth-"and just got to the tavern as a sprucy-lookin' young man, all dressed up to kill, got off the stage-coach and stood on the long porch before the hotel. I seed him eye our crowd, and I knowed thar was goin' to be trouble. 'Well,' I says, 'I guess thare ain't no mail fur us nohow; less go back.' But the fool gurls was gigglin' and laffin', and said they was cold an' wanted to go in the tavern an' git warm, an' Jim, the blamed ijit, never tumbled, an' said he war durned near froze, so we all had to go in, an' that young sickly-lookin' cuss was in there smokin' a cigar, fust one Jim 'd ever seen. Them blamed girls laffed, an' giggled, an' cut up, an' I seed that young duck look over and smile at Susie, an' I couldn't stand it no longer. I got right up an' says 'I'm goin' home. You folks kin do as you please,' but I jest keept standin' there like a feller will, you know, till Susie says: 'Well, why don't you go?' an' I didn't know what else to do, so I jest went. I 'lowed she'd come 'bout the time I got down the steps, an' I walked down them steps mighty slow. But she didn't come. Then I walked down the road, slow like, lookin' back every little bit to see if I had dropped eunything. I thought even if she didn't care so much fur me she'd come ennyhow, fur I always brought her a sack o' candy or peanuts Sunday nights, and I knowed she liked it. But I walked all the way through that dark, cold woods by myself, an' an ole owl hooted at me. I got home jest bout dark and hung round the cross-roads between our house an' Fry's, waiting fur the

'fore ner sence, I don't reckon. Well, I went to town, and when I got there purty near the fust feller I seed was Jim, who'd come for the same thing I had, I reckon. Well, when Jim seed me he seemed mighty tickled an' begun to laff. I never sed word, cause I was kinder riley ennyhow, an' Jim seed I was an' wanted to devil me. Jane all walked over to town to see the | Jim called me 'Soup' fur a kind o' nick-

"Well, Soup,' Jim says, 'that feller's "Who'r you alluding at?' says I, kind o' dignerfide, jest 's if I didn't know; but I was kinder mad, you know. He lafted at a case. Me and Jim looked at each other me ag'in and 'splaned who he ment.

"Is he? says I. "Yes, he is. He went in the house last night. Susie told him he better not, but he did, an' the ole mandidn't know what to think about Susie comin' home with a stranger, but he told the ole man he'd had a knock down to her an' you ought to a heerd him talk politics an' everything else to the ole folks. W'y he knows more'n either of 'em or the school-teacher either. I went away and left him there talkin' an' I guess they bid 'im there for dinner to-morrer. Soup, we don't figger 't all.' "I bit my lip an' says, 'Why don't that feller stay in the city whare he belongs Hain't thare no gurls there? Course there

down here an' take our gurls away from "But what air you goin' to do?" "'W'y i got an indee." Here the shoemaker drove a peg. "'Ef he goes to Fry's to dinner he won't git away 'fore 10 or 11 o'clock, and me and you'll lay for him in the woods, only we musn't hurt him bad.' 'But I've heerd o' people gettin' skeered

is lots of 'em, and durn me if he's cummir

to de'th,' says Jim. "'Oh, I guess it won't hurt 'im,' I says Well, he was there fur dinner an' it was as Jim said, we didn't cut much figger, but we didn't mind it so bad. Our time was comin'. Well, we'scused ourselves bout ? 'clock an' went an' hid in the woods. Well, we must 'a laid there fur three hours



laid low an' dident hardly breathe. Purty soon we seen some feller comin' and it and concluded I would have money; bu rest o' th' folks. I reckon I must was him, smokin' a cigar. The moon was our exchange of berths mixed him up and

simeliar trip. I tried to get up, but one o' my arms hurt awful. That young man cum over and ast me ef I was burt bad, and l tol' him no. Well, he helped us git on our feet, an' we started off home.

"We never sed a word to each other all the way, but went home an' went to bed. In the mornin' I tol' the folks our cow booked me. I don't know what Jim tol' his folks, but I guess they never found out what the reel trouble was. "A few days after we saw somethin' 'bont an active and enterprisin' young horsethief detective bein' down our way workin' and laffed, but we never tol' any body we'd

CAUTION IN SLEEPING-CARS. Good Advice to Travelers-Look Out for the Predatory Porter.

New York Tribune. "I have learned to watch my valuables when on a sleeping-car," said a well-known Washingtonian lately, "about as closely as if I were on guard duty. The sleeping-car companies no doubt try to obtain honest men in their employ, but some of the porters, not content with squeezing fees out of everybody by the familiar blacking-brush and whisp-broom methods, are not above extracting at least part of their valuables in advance, if the chance offers. "Last week, with my wife. I came over from Washington on a sleeping-car. Her pocket-book, which, fortunately, contained only silver and pennies, was carelessly left in her satchel and that placed on the floor

under the berth. In the morning the pocketbook contained only three pennies. The porter, in looking up my shoes to impart that ghostly sleeping-car shine, had taken 'a fiver' through the satchel near by. The pocket-book was silver-mounted and worth many dollars, but the porter, well knowing that safety lay in trifles, had extracted only the change and left the purse itself. There is no redress for these petty thefts. It may not have been the porter. Who knows! You were asleep. The only safe remedy, as I said, is to watch your property sharply

"Three years ago I was going over from Chicago to St. Paul on a sleeping car. I had obtained a lower berth, but at the end of the car. The upper just above me had been secured by a stout man, who seemed so reluctant to mount skyward that I at last offered to exchange with him. This ofter he gratefully accepted. In the morning, after the usual sleeping-car toilet, I was horrified to find that my pocket-book was gone. The obsequious porter aided my search and seemed most solicitous, but the pocket-book and the \$37 it contained were

not to be found. "I told my fat acquaintance in the lower berth of my loss. He listened with extreme attention and interest, but said nothing. 'You don't seem very sympathetic.' I said. 'Sympathetic,' he replied. 'Of course, I am sorry for you, but I was thinking of my own escape. That porter stole your wallet. He was, undoubtedly, after me. He knows I am the manager of a theatrical company,

THE INTERIOR OF PATAGONIA

It Comprises 350,000 Square Miles and the People Number Less than 10,000.

A Vast Unknown Sterile Land, Which Few White Men Have Visited, and Where the Principal Industry Is Ostrich-Hunting.

PUNTA ARENAS, Petagonia.-When you sit down to read this letter will you do me the favor to have before you a map of South America? Such a map as may be found in any encyclopedia or commonschool atlas will answer the purpose, if a better is not easily come-at-able. I want to call your attention particularly to that portion of the southern continent between the Rio Negro and the Strait of Magellana vast territory nearly a thousand miles long and 480 miles across in the widest part-which is known to the world (though now erroneously) as Patagonia. With a total area of 850,000 square miles, it is larger than either France, Spain or England, yet it is about the most thinly populated section of the globe, and though now the joint property of two highly civilized countries, its interior is almost as complete a terra incognita as when Magellan touched its shores just 372 years ago. Some authorities state the number of its inhabitants at 3,000; none go higher than 10,000, and probably half the latter number would come nearest to the truth. The thinness of its population is not entirely due to natural disadvantages, for many more barren and forbidding sections are densely inhabited, and most of this, barring an excess of rain and snow in the southwest, is not unpleasant, either as regards soil or climate. Observe how the eastern shore is broken

by a succession of bays and inlets, and what noble streams flow into them-the mighty Rio Negro (Black river), the Chupat, or "Chubut," as it is often called, and its greater tributary, the Senegal; the Santa Crnz, which runs through a valley from one to fifty miles wide and fourteen hundred feet below the level of the plain, till it oins the larger Rio Chico near the Port de Sta Cruz, and numerous smaller streams, unnamed and unknown, except by a few migratory Indians, who occasionally pitch their moving toldas along the banks. See how the western side is lined with countless islands, that crowd one another around the point of the great peninsula, with narrow deep-sea fiords between-mountainislands, most of them entirely unexplored. and all apparently a part of the adjacent Cordillera, wrenched apart in some remote age by one of those stupendous changes which writers lightly term a "convulsion

NATURAL DIVISIONS. The interior of Patagonia naturally divides itself into two regions, as unequal in size as distinct in general features. That narrow strip west of the Cordillera, including the mountains themselves, and all the islands, is now claimed by Chili, and, though good for nothing agriculturally, is believed to be rich in coal and copper, and possibly in gold and silver, not to mention an inexhaustible amount of timber. The

"Argentine Patagonia." which comprises about four-fifths of the whole country reckoned by square miles, stretches from the Andes eastward to the Atlantic, and is commonly spoken of as "the Pampas" (plains), though most of it bears no resemblance to the name. The true pampas begin away up north near the Rio de la Platta, and end not far below the the Rio Negro. South of this the whole country is a succession of stony steppes and grass-grown meadows, varied by sait lakes and brackish marshes. The pebbly surface is mixed with earth of a pale-gray color, overlying masses of porphyry, and strewn with enormous bowlders, gradually rising in natural terraces from the ocean to the Cordillera, the highest terrace reaching an altitude of three thousand feet. The soil is strongly impregnated with saltpetre, and the numerous small sait lakes are surrounded by a dazzling snow-white crust. In several of these lakes the water is poisonous, and all have the peculiarity of being extremely cold, in summer-time, and correspondingly warm in winter. Other places are overgrown with tall grass, so rank and coarse as to resemble rushes: alternated by patches of thorny brush-wood, morasses salter than the sea itself, and "salinas." or beds of solid salt, often two or three feet thick and covering an area several miles square; while toward the west the dead level of the landscape is broken by basaltic ridges -the home of hawks and eagles. The great Andean condor here crosses the continent for the first and only time, and does not disdain to build his clumsy nest upon bare rocks overhanging inland streams, as well as on cliffs that front the sea. He is accompanied into exile by the big, black turkey-buzzard, and also by two species of poly borus or eagle-vultures, known in local parlance as "carranchas" and "chinian-ONCE A SEA BOTTOM.

Geologists tell us that all this country was once a sea bottom, for everywhere marine shells are found and other evidences that the ocean once rolled over it. Far inland the remains of fossil monsters are met -the giant armadillo (glyptodon) and colossal mylodons and megatheriums-and several hundred miles of the southern coast is one vast deposit of tertiary strata, underlying a white pumaceous substance chiefly composed of marine infusoria. In surprising contrast to western Patagonia the eastern side is mostly dry and hot, for the prevailing west winds, having been drained by the Andes, bring no moisture. Travelers who have seen both countries declare that portions of this bear a striking simi-larity to the deserts of southern Africa-the resemblance being heightened by the presence of ostriches, two species of which may always be seen scudding over the Patagonian plains like ships under sail. Others compare this to the "Bad Lands" of the Colorado and the "Barren Grounds" of the Hudson's Bay Company, and others (generally those who have not been here) to the Peruvian desert of Atacama, and even to Sahara, Gobi, Kalahair and the the remaining eggs to pieces and dance steppes of Kaurezm. M. Guinnard, the around the debris like a lunatic. After the

its mountains, the largest of which
—Minchinmadica—opposite the island of
Chiloe, is eight thousand feet high. The
mean temperature of this region is 35°
Fahrenheit, both winter and summer, for
the weather seldom varies from a damp,
penetrating chilliness, which is more trying to man and beast than a greater degree
of cold in a dryer atmosphere. The reason
for this lies in the fact that western winds
prevail, and these, heavily surcharged
with moisture drawn from the limitless
wastes of the Pacific, strike against the
cold, high mountain wall, and fall in almost
perpetual rain, sleet or snow. In spite of
the cold, this eternal dampness has produced forests of tropical luxuriance, in
whose depths jaguars lurk, and fierce pumas
(mountain lions), and the shy guanaco (one
of the five species of "camel-sheep" peculiar
to South America), while along the coast
seals and sea-elephants abound.

"Argenting Paragenta" which comprises herds to Los Torranos, the dense forrests that line the eastern base of the Andes.

OSTRICH HUNTING.

The principal "industry" of Patagoniaif such a term can be applied to the slovenly habits of Indians-is hunting guanacos and ostriches, for the skins of the former and the feathers of the latter are valued articles of commerce, and the flesh of both serves for food. For us time never hance heavy in Punta Arenas, notwithstanding the dearth of what is generally considered "good society" and however closely we may be confined in-doors by howling gales and storms of sleet, for there are ostrichhuntets to be interviewed, people who have been brought up, as it were, among those ungainly birds and have spent the best years of their life pursuing them. Our interest in the subject never flags, and evening after evening we sit at the feet (figuratively speaking), of g grizzled American, who hailed originally from Maine, I believe, but has lived in these parts more than thirty years, and has come to be considered authority, par excellence, on ostrich lore. I wish I could reproduce for you his funny drawl and waydown-east expressions; but space will not permit more than a condensed statement of the main facts I have gleaned concerning American ostriches. In the first place, it should be understood that two distinct species of ostriches stalk over these plains and that each species has its range, confined within certain limits. Thus the great struthero rhea, which more nearly rethe African ostrich, roams the northupas but never comes below the river, and the smaller, struthere ii, indigenous to the neighborhood

straits, is not found upon the pam-The northern variety is hereabouts known as "avestruz moro" (gray birds), their plumage being uniformly gray, while those of the south have brownish feathers tipped with white. Both build the rudest kind of nests-merely a shallow hole scratched in the ground under the shelter of a bush and softened by a wisp of grass. The females are evidently the laziest of birds, for one nest serves for several of them, who all deposit their eggs in it and then go gadding about, leaving their husbands to hatch the chicks. There are usually from thirty to forty eggs in a nest, and as each egg is about equal in size to ten hen's eggs it requires considerable spread to cover them. The period of incubation averages twenty-two days; and it is a fact that the male bird squats patiently upon the nest, day after day, until all are hatched, and then he looks after the babies till they are able to take care of themselves. During rainy weather the faithful father never leaves the eggs for a moment, and has been known to stick to them a week or more without feeding When the weather is fine be strays away an hour or two toward evening, to stretch his long legs and get something to eat. Il a fox or other animal intrudes and steals or breaks a single egg during his absence, he knows it the instant he returns, and then his rage knows no bounds. He will dash